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OUTING NUMBER

FOR CALIFORNIA

EDITORIAL

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THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

SAN FRANCISCO

THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

(THE STATE CENTRAL ORGANIZATION)

THE PURPOSE OF THE COMMITTEE IS TO GIVE TO THE WORLD RELIABLE AND UNBIASED INFORMATION REGARDING THE RESOURCES OF AND THE OPPORTUNITIES IN CALIFORNIA. FOR CALIFORNIA IS PUBLISHED TO ASSIST IN CARRYING OUT THE OBJECTS IN VIEW.

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FOR CALIFORNIA

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION

"FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE THE BEST THERE IS IN LIFE."

OUTING NUMBER

MARCH, 1906.

Vol. III. No. 4

THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

25 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S BEAUTY SPOTS FOR CAMPERS

EDITORIAL.

THE Outing Number of FOR CALIFORNIA presents many features which will be of interest to all those who have the desire for outdoor life. What California has to offer to the pleasure-seeker, the invalid, the hunter, the camper, the pedestrian—in fact, to all those who want to get where they can breathe the fresh air and get away from the trammels of modern civilization in cities—is told by those who have spent much of their time studying these phases of life in the State.

One of the most instructive articles is that from the pen of Professor Alexander G. McAdie, Professor of Meteorology of the United States Weather Bureau. He tells of the varying weather of the State, and shows the equability of the climate in a manner that is entertaining as well as instructive. He shows how the climate of California makes for the comfort of those "on pleasure bent," and tells many things that are new to most of the people.

Mrs. Helen Gompertz Le Conte writes a most interesting article on a typical Sierra Club tramp, detailing her experiences during one of the annual outings of the club. Her story tells how she and a companion climbed to the snow-clad summit of the Sierras with as little impedimenta as possible, and how the wonderful view more than repaid all the difficulty met with on the long and arduous climb over the great glaciers.

What California has to offer in the way of medicinal springs is told by Dr. Winslow Anderson, who has given much study to these restorers provided by Nature. This article carries much in the way of instruction and tells many things about California's springs which few people have known.

While California is recognized as the ideal hunting ground for the sportsman who carries a gun, Clarence E. Edwords shows in his article on "Hunting With a Camera" that there is much pleasure to be found in searching the wilds for game even when the blood lust is not with you, if you take a camera and try to get pictures of the furred and feathered folk of the wood.

Augustin C. Keane gives a comprehensive idea of what the State has to offer in the way of seaside resorts and pleasures. He writes most entertainingly about the various places all along the twelve hundred miles of coast line of the State which extend invitations to those who are weary of the constant grind of city life.

Some new and unique ideas on camping are given in an article by Harold O. Cummings, who tells how to go light and have lots of pleasure when out for your vacation. The article deals entirely with the pleasures of camp life and how best to get them in all their fullness, and while some of the ideas advanced will not appeal to the lover of personal comfort, all the old campers will recognize the merit of the suggestions that are made.

Charles Keeler, whose poetic phrasing has made his name known throughout all the West, writes about Nature Study in California and the possibilities which are here offered for the best work in that line. The article is replete with good suggestions and beautifully expressed thoughts, and is well worthy of careful consideration by the educators.

H. A. Rolfe, who has spent much time tramping over California's mountains, and who knows many of the by-ways where few go, writes of Mountaineering in the Summer Vacation, and tells of the charm which is always enticing the devotee and which calls men and women back, year after year, to the beauty spots of the wild Sierras. The article contains much valuable advice regarding how to climb the mountains without turning what is intended a pleasure into a laborious project.

The California Promotion Committee takes much pleasure in issuing this number of FOR CALIFORNIA, for it will carry into many homes new ideas of how best to enjoy all the good things that California has stored up in readiness to pour out into the lap of any one who is desirous of finding pleasure and recreation or health by getting out and away to where Nature constantly holds open court.

CLIMATE AND PLEASURE IN CALIFORNIA.

ALEXANDER G. McADIE, Professor of Meteorology, United States Weather Bureau.

"THE best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," wrote Robert Burns; and he might have added: "Sometimes on account of the weather." To a marked degree, our plans and pleasures are dependent upon climatic conditions. The simplest of outings, the most elaborate indoor function, alike acknowledge the supremacy of the weather. Nor is it necessary that a great storm or marked atmospheric disturbance occur to upset plans and mar pleasures. The gently insistent fog, the soft-falling but steadily accumulating snow, the change of unseen but not unfelt temperature, may measure out success or failure, accomplishment or abandonment, just as surely as the wrath of the storm or the tumult of the waters. In fact, so dependent is mankind upon climatic environment that some writers have attempted to prove that national and racial characteristics were largely due to climatic influences. Following this line of reasoning, it has been claimed that the people of New England were economical, full of grit, inquisitive and restless because of their climate; the people of the Middle West, energetic, enterprising, never satisfied, because of their climate; the people of the South easy going, high spirited, masterful, because of their climate; and the people of the Pacific Coast ADMIRABLE IN EVERY RESPECT because of their climate. Would that it were true that the laws connecting human development and climatic environment were so simple and direct. But most of us know that more variables than the single one of climate must be reckoned with in discussing the origin of character. So, too, with disease; especially infectious disease. Too much has been claimed for, or rather laid at the door of, climate. Doubtless climatic conditions favor the development and activity of certain germs; but the responsibility for their invasion of the human body must now be shifted from impersonal, irresponsible climate to the personal responsible man, who often ignorantly, but sometimes knowingly, neglects proper sanitary precautions. All will admit, however, that favorable climatic conditions count for much in restoring health, once impaired; and other things being equal, the invalid stands a better chance to regain his strength in a climate free from extremes than in one of marked variability. The climate of California unquestionably makes for health, comfort and pleasure. It is a climate that favors the strong as well as the feeble. Both north and south of the Tehachapi, the climate encourages outdoor life. In the interior, during the long summer days, the heat is too intense for active work; but with this exception, one can work or play in the open throughout the year in California. The so-called winter months are perhaps the pleasantest of the year, and while there are days when the rain falls steadily and heavily (and he who is on pleasure bent at such times must stay indoors), the weather from November to April is on the whole beyond complaint.

Some idea of the relative frequency of rain may not be out of place at this point, inasmuch as the impression is widespread that a rainy season must necessarily mean continuous and heavy rains. The rainy season in California, as a rule, resembles the months of May or June in the East. In San Francisco, for example, last year there were fifty-eight rainy days. These occurred as follows: January 10, February 8, March 15, November 6, December 8, and the balance in the other months. There were, therefore, about forty-seven rainy days in the rainy period of five months. It should be stated, however, that, taking the records for the past fifty-seven years, the average number of rainy days in a year at San Francisco is seventy-one. Once, in a very rainy year, the number reached 105. At

Los Angeles last year 42 days were rainy, at San Diego 60, at Santa Barbara 51, at Santa Cruz 50, and at San Jose 56 days. There is no lack of sunshine, and in some portions of the State almost too much.

Again, the climate is so diversified within short distances that one might almost call it adjustable. There is such a range of temperature, such variation in rainfall and difference in wind, between places only a short distance apart, that one can almost pick and choose his climate according to his taste and need. For example, it frequently happens that on winter mornings tule fogs are unpleasantly persistent in the Great Valley. Yet the dweller in the lowland has it always within his power to reach bright sunshine and balmy air by climbing the foothills a few hundred feet. So, too, in summer in the coast cities when the sea fog hangs low. It is a common experience in San Francisco for the business man living in the suburbs to pass from clear skies, genial warmth and light, to dull, overcast conditions as he comes to his office, and on his return leave the city, with its gray sky, and in less than one hour be again in sunshine and warmth.

The circulation of the lower air in California is very irregular because of the many mountain ranges and their various angles of inclination to prevailing winds. There are localities where, throughout the year, excepting for perhaps ten or twelve days, the air movement is sluggish, cloudiness rare and temperature changes slight. In such districts one may dream existence away, so uniformly quiet are the days. Yet a few miles distant one can find a climate where the inrush of the wind, the strong surge of the sea and the invading fog so stimulates human activities, that life is translated into action.

A Typical Sierra Club Tramp.

HELEN GOMPERTZ LE CONTE.

"TO explore, enjoy and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast, to publish authentic information concerning them; to enlist the support and co-operation of the people and government in preserving the forests and other natural features of the Sierra Nevada Mountains"—this is the serious object of the Sierra Club, but besides this it has another side to its existence, namely the outing feature which tends to strengthen a feeling of comradeship among the individual members, and to develop a certain esprit du corps without which no society of this kind can keep its membership up to the mark both as regards numbers and qualification.

From amongst a membership of 800 about 200 usually join the outing, and a sounder, merrier crew it would be hard to find the world over. The party secures a special train and starts about July 1st, for then not only the weather, but school holidays and court vacations are all in harmony for a frolic.

Accordingly one pleasant July evening finds us on our "special" headed for Yosemite Valley, whence we start on our real mountain trip to Tuolumne Meadows and the High Sierra.

Behold us later, after having paid due homage to the beloved valley, "hiking" along the Yosemite Falls trail bound for our first night's camp at Porcupine Flat. The women, booted to the knee, and clad in loose waists and short skirts reaching their boot-tops tramp along with as much ease as their club brothers, and if they do not rush quite as much it is because they linger to enjoy the passing pageant. We stay to note the shafts of light aslant a dusky forest aisle whose lofty pillars reach up into the golden sunshine, or again a vista through the giant trees discloses a snow-clad summit, or a graceful granite dome against the dark blue sky. The Outing Committee has announced the character and length of each day's walk, hence we plan simply to get into camp by night in time

to choose a good sleeping place before falling into line for dinner. The cooks and pack-train have arrived some hours before us, and we soon find our own dunnage in the pile of big brown bags that look like huge sausages. It is a moment's work to clear a level spot, throw down our sleeping bags, then take a good wash in an icy stream and dash for the line that is forming and marching up, cup in hand, towards the huge pots of steaming soup which several of the girls have volunteered to serve.

The cooks bring on sliced corned beef, stewed tomatoes and maccaroni in quick succession. This followed by a dessert of tea, pilot bread, and stewed fruit completes a typical camp dinner whilst on the march.

We are stirring with the dawn, for this day's march takes us to the permanent camp in the flower-spangled Tuolumne Meadows. Our nooning is spent on the shores of Lake Tenaya, whose rock bowl is carved out, and its lofty sides beautifully polished by an ancient glacier. Here, we are joined by some enthusiastic scientific "hikers" who have come hither via the summit of Mt. Hoffman, 11,000 feet in elevation. They make our eyes bulge by their descriptions of the rare views from this dominant peak, but our legs ache upon hearing of the tall hiking they have done to obtain this pleasure. The afternoon's march carries us through a region of wonderful, glaciated domes.

An eight-mile walk along a gradual ascent brings us to the splendid meadows, which lie in the Upper Tuolumne Canyon at 8,500 feet elevation. Here the camp is established with all the comforts of home; tents, cooking-stoves and serving tables from which are apportioned such unheard of delicacies as pickles, olives and even cake and pie. But this is not what we "came out for to see," and after a day or two of rest small parties are formed to climb the surrounding snow peaks, Mt. Dana, Mt. Conness and Mt. Lyell, all about 13,000 feet high, and the last one boasting a considerable glacier on its flank. Others enjoy the splendid trout fishing in the river, or the big catches at Lake Tioga, whilst the less adventurous spirits pay frequent visits to the neighboring soda springs.

Another great peak, loftier and more alpine in aspect than any of those above named, is Mt. Ritter. This fine mountain is without the Tuolumne Basin, and lies at the head of one of the branches of the San Joaquin River, a long day's march over the divide from our camp. Two of the party had decided to scale it in advance of those who might choose to follow, and we prepared to "knapsack it" thither in strict accordance with Mr. Stewart E. White's ideas of "going light."

John Muir's account of his ascent of Mt. Ritter made our success doubtful, but where others had dared, we were not to be deterred, sure of our reward in the magnificent view of the San Joaquin Basin and its surrounding peaks. So while the hoar-frost still whitened the meadow we shouldered our knapsacks and tramped off to climb the eastern wall of the Tuolumne Canyon. The sun was high when we crossed the snowy pass and struck down into Rush Creek Basin, a desolate valley of melting snowbanks and myriads of little streams. Night found us gazing delightedly at the sunset-dyed reflection of Mt. Ritter in "The Thousand Island Lake."

By the morning starlight, we arose and toyed with a delicate breakfast of flapjacks, bacon and coffee, then packed our only loaf of bread with some chocolate and prunes for luncheon, and shouldered the camera and its belongings.

Our route lay up a long snowfield sloping gently to the side of the main glacier, and over it we made good progress, for its surface was hard, but not ice-coated. Further up, when in the deep shadow of the mountain, the snowfields were dangerously steep and slippery, and steps had to be cut across them. Here our advance was slow. It was now long after sunrise, but we were still in the deep shade, and continued on up the glacier with little difficulty, the warm air having gradually melted its icy surface.

When we reached the saddle between Banner and Ritter we emerged into the blinding sunlight, and from there up the steep neve field that lay

against the black cliff we gouged footholds with our hob-nailed shoes, and thus, step by step, we ascended 500 feet. At last we came to the final cliff, which report had given us much reason to dread, but we attacked it without stopping to indulge our dread wherever it looked least formidable. Not fifty feet had we gone before we were confronted by a wall of perpendicular blocks which completely barred our progress. Discouraged, but not utterly cast down, we descended to the snow, and once more tried to work our way up a tiny stream channel worn into the cliff. This time we were more fortunate and forged ahead without much hindrance. But cliff-climbing for more than a thousand feet is no easy matter, even under the best of circumstances, and we were glad enough to see the end of our strenuous endeavors after nearly two hours of this work. Each upward step had been rewarded by the growing picture of surpassing wildness and beauty which gradually rose to our horizon.

At last, after scaling huge rock shelves covered with a thin and treacherous coating of ice, we gained the summit itself, and stood on an airy pinnacle 13,200 feet above the sea. All that had entranced us before was but a preparation for the superb panorama which now burst upon our sight. On the flanks of the mountain itself lay seven small glaciers, separated from each other by black jagged ridges which sprung from the summit in fantastic spires and battlements. The sources of the San Joaquin, its upper canyon and the great Balloon Dome lay to the south, and eastward stretched the shadowy desert.

It was hard to descend to earth after such exaltation, but at 2 o'clock, after having been nearly three hours on the summit, we reluctantly turned downwards. The steep snowfield was traversed at the rate of a mile a second—more or less—and another night was spent in sight of the glorious mountain. The next night found us at the Tuolumne Camp, and after two more weeks of this simple life, we sadly turned our backs upon it and struck out for civilization.

Quite a contingent of our Appalachian Club friends have come westward to join us for the last year or two, and nothing has given the members of the Sierra Club greater zest for the pleasures of camp life than to share it with friends of like mind, who make a long and expensive journey for the sake of that return to nature which counteracts the effect of the thousand ills which flesh is heir to and renews the spirit for its part in the battle of life.

Medicinal Virtues of Natural Mineral Waters of California

WINSLOW ANDERSON, A.M., M.D., M.R.C.P., London, England, Etc.

THE therapeutic value of our natural mineral waters can hardly be overestimated. It is not generally known that natural mineral waters with a smaller proportion of active ingredients are more readily assimilated than larger quantities of the same salts given in a concentrated form. This, however, is a fact, and is accounted for by the rapid absorption in the human economy of the finely divided particles of the mineral constituents. This therapeutic activity is explained by the fact that the minute mineral ingredients found in natural spring waters are in a state of unstable ionic equilibrium held in colloidal suspension. The extreme minuteness of the particles is particularly apt to excite cellular activity by which the mineral salts are readily given up by the water and quickly absorbed by the cell-energy of the living organism.

The ionic or minute divisibility which permeates all matter is maintained in colloidal suspension in fresh or sparkling mineral water by the

processes obtaining in nature's laboratory under enormous pressure and constant chemical change, but when mineral water is bottled and allowed to stand for any considerable length of time the minute mineral particles precipitate and settle at the bottom of the bottle, thereby becoming "dead." Such waters possess less medicinal value than those that are fresh or "living."

The medicinal virtues of our California mineral waters are not generally understood. From an extended visit to most of the famous European Spas and from an exhaustive examination extending over many years and the analyses made of most of the important mineral waters in California, I am thoroughly convinced that we can duplicate most of the natural mineral waters found in other parts of the world, and that we have mineral waters in California that will surpass many of the now famous European Spas.

Had the God of Physic, Apollo, and his son—the Father of Medicine—Aesculapius, visited California, there can be but little doubt that our fountains of health would have been covered with temples, from the sparkling "Shasta Soda Springs" in the north to the "Sweet Mineral Springs" of Coronado in the south. Our mineral springs should receive more scientific attention. All the waters should be carefully analyzed and tabulated. To procure the greatest medicinal effect our waters should be administered scientifically under the direction of the medical man. The indiscriminate administration by spring owners of mineral waters of which they know little, to patients of whose requirements they know less, is an injudicious practice which is bound to bring the springs into disrepute. The indiscriminate drinking of mineral waters ad libitum is not altogether free from danger.

The bath as a therapeutic agent is not fully appreciated. The ancients, and even our own aborigines, seem to have esteemed thermal bathing even more highly than we do. When we remember that the cutaneous surface of the human body contains from three millions to seven millions little pores, and that these are frequently stopped by epithelial scales from the skin, oil, grease and waste products from the body generally, supplemented by the dust and dirt from without, it is readily seen that the normal functions of transpiration—perspiration—and exhalation are materially interfered with. More than one-third of the natural excretions from the body, including the water, should be exhaled or thrown off by the skin and lungs. Many of our California springs have facilities for thermal baths—mud, saline and sulphur—which are of as great therapeutic value as any of the baths that can be given on the continent of Europe. Our spring owners should make a study of the therapeutic values of their mineral waters—scientific analysis should be made of all of them, and there should be a physician in charge to direct the patient how and when to use the waters and how and when to use the baths.

Our California mineral springs will be found to be not only identical with, but in many instances superior to, any similar European waters. It is no longer necessary, nor even advisable, to undertake the long, tiresome and expensive journey to Carlsbad of Bohemia; Ems, Kissingen, Weisbaden, Baden-Baden, Seltzer and Apollinaris of Germany; Epsom of England; Aix-La-Chapelle of Aachem; Aix-les-Bains of Savoy, or to Vichy of France, when our Golden State offers similar and better curative agents at home. A month each year spent at one of the health resorts will insure health and happiness to those that are well and alleviate the sufferings of many that are overworked, nervous and ill. California, with her unrivalled climatic conditions, her bracing and exhilarating atmosphere, unsurpassed scenery, with her beautiful flowers and delicious fruit, her fertile alluvial valleys and sun-kissed hills, and her many remarkable mineral and thermal springs, will one day, not far distant, become the Mecca of the world's health resorts.

Hunting With A Camera.

CLARENCE E. EDWORDS

I HAVE frequently wondered if it was blood lust which induced men to go forth to kill the inhabitants of the wild—the folk which wears feathers and fur—or whether it was not a means to an end, an excuse, as it were, for satisfying a desire to get out into the open. The ordinary man dislikes to be considered lazy, consequently he thinks it necessary to have some fair excuse for going to the woods for recreation. He equips himself with guns and murderous-looking hunting knives and goes forth to take the lives of innocent animals and birds. He reverts to type, if you please, and again becomes a savage, stalking his game and glorying in his skill at outwitting the beasts and birds.

There is a certain pleasure in matching wits with the feathered and furred folk of the forest, but to many a man that pleasure is marred when it is followed by the shedding of blood and the taking of the life of a free and happy denizen of the wild. Fortunately for the wild life of our country game laws have been enacted which limit a man's kill. Were it otherwise, the slaughter would go on, the lust for innocent blood increasing with the increase of the bag. Man's boasting and his desire to be known as a "mighty hunter" has much to do with the indiscriminate killing of game, and there is no doubt that were it not for this desire to pose as a clever woodsman many of the bloody trophies of the chase would never be shown.

The day is at hand when there will be little glory given to the man who hunts down his game for the purpose of slaughter. Already the camera is replacing the rifle, and it is becoming a recognized fact that it requires much better woodcraft to get a shot at a wild animal with a camera than with a gun. Nor is the pleasure of such hunting of fleeting and transitory nature. It is not necessary for the man, or woman, with a camera to back up statements of wonderful hunting by the purchased assertions of guides, for the pictures speak for themselves, and tell much more than the boasting hunter. They tell of the difficulty of the stalk after the game, and, in addition to this, they tell that the animal or bird is still enjoying life and freedom.

Hunting with a camera is becoming much in vogue of recent years, and as it is a form of hunting that does not disturb the sensibilities of the most delicate-minded person, it is sure to grow in interest. It has the additional charm of being a sport which can be indulged by both sexes, thus permitting of a companionship that is usually denied under the regime of gun and rod. There is a thrill attendant upon the long stalk after deer or other big game, with finger itching to pull the trigger which will end a noble life. But that thrill does not compare with the feeling that goes with the outwitting of the same big game for the purpose of taking its photograph. It must be a longer stalk, and the distance must be materially shortened, otherwise there is no result.

One of my friends has a photograph of a wild cat, which stands snarling on a log. The picture is highly prized on account of the thrill which accompanied its taking. Had my friend hunted that cat with a gun he would never have walked to within eight feet of the snarling animal, as he did with the camera, but would have shot it from a safe distance. I think the thrill that accompanied the photographing of a ground squirrel by myself at a distance of six feet, after almost an hour's maneuvering, was as great as any ever experienced by the hunter of big game with a rifle. It must be confessed by all hunters with the gun that after the shot is fired and the animal lies dead there is usually a feeling of depression, of commiseration for the life that has been taken. With the camera hunter there is

none of this. In fact there is a feeling of exultation which is enhanced because the object of the hunt is still alive and unhurt.

I find that the greatest difficulty in the photography of birds and animals in the wild comes from a desire to do wonderful things. And here, again, comes in that boasting propensity of man. A photograph of a wild cat, or other animal, which has been "treed" and which picture was obtained after an arduous climb into the limbs of the tree, is valuable only as an adjunct to somebody's marvelous tale of personal deeds. The picture, as a rule, is unworthy a place in a collection, and fails of those important essentials which make wild animal photographs valuable. A good photograph of beast or bird must have all the detail of fur, feather and eye, and the fact that such a picture is before you is sufficient evidence that the person who took it must have exercised great skill in obtaining it.

California presents advantages in the matter of photographing wild animals and birds that are not excelled in any other land. The light is always good, and the country permits of close stalking. This fact is becoming more and more known and with every passing year the camera hunter becomes more plentiful. And to the credit of the camera it can be said that camera hunters hunt best in couples, permitting that outdoor companionship of men and women which has been rigidly denied by the men who have been the most devoted followers of the chase with the gun.

Seaside Resorts and Pleasures.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE

THAT California with its great stretch of uninterrupted coast line should have many seaside resorts is not at all wonderful, but it is very wonderful indeed that a single State should possess such a plethora of varying yet ever alluring resorts as the chain along the Californian littoral. It matters little to which of these retreats one goes, there is always to be found a particular distinctive feature offering its special invitation. The number of seaside resorts in California is already great, and the individual pleasures these afford are many, but the future will see this number largely increased and the already innumerable attractions continue to multiply.

Whatever conditions the seeker of pleasure by the ocean shore may impose, he will not have much trouble to find in the Golden State a place which will fulfill them and more too. In summer the hills rolling back from Tomales Bay, the gently rising meadows lifting from the ocean to the ridge back of Bolinas, Dipsea on its sand-spit, Santa Cruz with its gay fullness of life, quiet, picturesque and historic Monterey and newer Pacific Grove nearby, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Long Beach, and farthest south—Coronado are each visited by a concourse of those in search of rest and enjoyment, in answer to the individual call which allures them most strongly. It is impossible to enumerate them all and describe each briefly, for more have been left unnoticed than are mentioned above. Likewise, when winter spreads over this genial State, Coronado and Santa Barbara are again the centers of brilliant social life; the marvellously wrought resorts about Los Angeles thrill with the pulse of pleasure; Del Monte, in the midst of its great trees, becomes alive with activity; and green, quiet Inverness is not forgotten, nor the other seaside nooks north of San Francisco. In passing seasons gay society repairs to various of its domains by the ocean. Those desiring mild recreation only have special haunts along the coast where undisturbed they turn to recuperate from the vigorous city life. The man who has specialized his pleasure will also find enjoyment beside the sea. The hunter strikes quantities of game along the coast, though the north coast counties are his favorite stamping ground, big game being especially abundant throughout Mendo-

cino and Humboldt Counties. Of course, good fishing is to be had almost anywhere one tries, while Monterey Bay is famous for big salmon catches, and trolling for tuna is a sport by itself at Santa Catalina. Finally the simple nature-lover gets his fill of the good things of nature at almost any-one of California's seaside resorts. The opportunities for swimming are unsurpassed, whether one favors the surf and big combers or bathing in the quieter waters of a sheltered nook. Then, there are the walks. The exhilaration, the charitable glow, the feeling of elation that comes from a tramp through Marin County around Bolinas Ridge over to Willows Camp is unmatchable. Yet walks of this kind may be had from Carmel to Point Sur or from Santa Barbara back to El Combre, or almost anywhere in this State within sound of the booming surf. In fact opportunities for every sort of open-air enjoyment are offered in different California seaside resorts and no pleasure seeker need turn away because the conditions he imposes are unfulfilled.

Although California has these wonderful seaside resorts in great numbers, they will undoubtedly increase in number and size without encroachment upon the other wonderful resorts this virtually inexhaustible State possesses. Summer and winter the visitors to mountain and valley retreats grow more numerous, because the allurement is becoming more generally known and felt. With this spreading of information as to what invitation California extends in the vacation seasons, will come also the development of her coast retreats. Surely, then, will California's seaside resorts rival those now most dearly cherished in other quarters of the globe.

Camping in California.

HAROLD O. CUMMINGS

WHO has not felt the yearning for the free and open life of the red man, with his untrammeled wanderings by day and his dreamless sleep under tepee or before the glowing fire by night?

There is a turning to Nature that comes to all of us just at the time when the buds of the trees are swelling, and the little grass roots are stirring; when the birds begin to have the restless feeling of migration; when the streams are singing and when the road is calling. Man's thoughts turn then to the woods and fields. Perhaps it is the taint of his savage blood, not yet eradicated since the days when his ancestors lived under the trees and in caves and holes in the rocks. Whatever may be the cause, we all feel the drawing toward the open at some time during the year, and he is a poor Californian, indeed, who does not respond, for here we have the most glorious opportunities for camping ever vouchsafed to humanity.

Above all else, she offers her magnificent climate, which makes camp life a joy from one end of the season to the other, because there need never come a fear of rain or untoward storm to mar the pleasure of existence all through the long summer months, from May until late in October. That is one of the prime essentials to perfect camp life, for sometimes even a tent is too much to have between one and the clear sky above, and many a happy camping trip has been taken in California in which the entire impedimenta consisted of a frying pan and coffee pot, with a tin cup as a luxury and a pair of blankets for appearance sake.

It may be said without fear of successful contradiction that there are more people living in California who know how to camp than in any equal territory elsewhere. The reason is plain for this condition. The people of California have been at it so long that they have learned what not to take with them when they go to the woods and mountains or to the seaside for their vacations. The beginner always wants to carry his home luxuries with him, while the old stager wants to leave them all behind. Between these two there is a happy mean where the camper takes just what is nec-

essary for comfort, yet which is not so much as to become a burden. The ideal camp is the one in which each person is perfectly comfortable, with no thought of the trouble which must attend the return home. This condition comes only through a thorough knowledge of how little is really required to make a perfect camp.

In California one need never prepare against rain. That cuts out a lot of baggage and clothing. Then, again, unless one is especially desirous of privacy, there is no need for a tent, for a handy man with a sharp ax can prepare a shelter from brush in half an hour that will last as long as one desires to make camp. Blankets are good things sometimes to have under one, but they are not essential to comfort. Cooking utensils are at hand everywhere in California if one but knows how to use them. There is nothing better for cooking ham, bacon or any kind of meat than a sharpened bay laurel stick, which holds the meat over the coals and at the same time imparts to it a fine flavor. A frying pan is handy and so is a coffee pot, but they can be dispensed with if one can find a good tomato can. You are indulging in a luxury when you carry a tin cup, for there are many ways in which you can get a drink without such a utensil.

But if one be going out camping to spend his or her vacation in some spot long selected, and if that spot is to be the home for a month or more, then it were wise to prepare more than a tomato can and a pocket knife. Get a frying pan, a coffee pot, a tin cup and some wooden plates, together with knife, fork and spoon, and if you desire to be right luxurious, get also a little stew pan. These, with a pair of blankets and a brush wickiup, will make a home where two congenial souls can spend a few weeks in almost primordial bliss.

Thousands of inviting spots all over California are calling the people of the cities to come out for a while and forget that they have to chase dollars. These spots are telling you that if you come and visit them for a while every year you will be better fit to chase the dollars during the rest of the year. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a truth that every man understands and it takes but a few days of play out in the wonderful air of California to make one feel that this is the best State of all to play in. Here one becomes rejuvenated; one throws off the cares of life and draws in renewed vigor as if from the fountain of youth with every breath. A man can leave San Francisco on the morning's train and by night be settled in the deepest of wilds in a camp where he will be free from interruption the whole summer long if he so desire.

Nature Study in California.

CHARLES KEELER

IN these days of business stress and strain, of syndicates and corporations exacting their pound of flesh from every man they hold in thrall, of intensive work and craving for the stimulus of excitement and sensationalism, there is marked one only path to salvation. It is the road to the hills and the fields, the highway to the wilderness. By traveling this road may the city dweller find not only respite from the fever of modern civilization, but an open sesame to a saner and more temperate life.

Purer air, the rock or turf underfoot, the sky overhead, unadulterated by the grime of cities, the beauty of trees and flowers, the joy of bird songs—all these are the gifts for him who finds the open road. And in California how easy a road it is to find! Go where you will beyond the pale of the city and a pageant of beauty awaits you.

Whether it be in the wintry days of verdant hills of velvet, of canyons sheltering the wild flowers, of singing streams rioting with their plethora of water, or in the sober days of summer when hill slopes are waxing dun and the gray fog alone brings moisture to the parching plains, there is a distinctive charm to the landscape of California which marks it as a power over those who live under its spell.

But the mere enjoyment of the landscape is not enough. We should come to terms of intimacy with the wild, shy things and know them in their home. To name the birds without a gun, to call the flowers that smile up into your face, to salute each butterfly that flutters near, to hail the shells and the strange creatures of the deep cast on the beach by the storm—this is to live a hundredfold the wild, free life of the open. When every rock can speak its history and every blade that grows gives some hint of its meaning in the world, there is no danger that life will ever grow dull and stale and unprofitable.

Our schools have but half-awakened to their opportunity and their responsibility in this direction. Beneath all the chaff of pedantry lies the sweet kernel of life. To know it, to love it, to idealize it—this is the end of education and the essence of knowledge. When our children are taught to watch the procession of the seasons, to follow the flight of bird and insect, to look full in the face of opening spring flowers and pass by without plucking them, they will gain a new viewpoint not only of nature but of the world at large. They will grow in understanding of human nature, which includes and embosoms all lesser types. The child who learns to be considerate of the wild flowers will not be rude to his fellows. For the essence of gentleness and chivalry is compressed in this love of nature.

I would have nature study in California include garden craft and wood craft. It is good for children as well as for their elders to sow seed and tend it while it germinates and grows to plant and flower. It is good for them to shake off the grime of the city and breathe deep the balsam of the pines. The desert, with all its waste of sun, its arid peaks and waterless plains, is a school of passing worth. In such a school was tutored Elijah of old, and methinks that in California to-day, if our men of wisdom went more to lie down and sleep under the juniper tree, the angel might come to whisper in their ears the word of God.

If, then, we are to value nature study as a means to the ends of wisdom and culture and a larger insight into life, we must cherish the nature which is our school. Forest parks and reservations, game preserves—in fact, all natural areas guaranteed in their native integrity to our progenitors—are a priceless inheritance for us to bequeath. The nearer such areas stand to large centers of population, the greater their availability and use. The present generation could not do any one act for the future of California that would more surely make for human betterment than to set apart, secure beyond the peradventure of change, a great natural park embracing that monumental guardian of San Francisco Bay, Mount Tamalpais. And the bold outer coast of San Francisco should be redeemed from the unsympathetic deformation of human hands—left to the winds and waves, a challenge to the men of the city to hold their heads above all shock of storm, all buffetings of the waves of adversity. Here might the children of the West learn from that mighty primal sibyl, the Pacific, what no books may teach, what no man may articulate.

Mountaineering in the Summer Vacation

H. W. ROLPE

LONG ago, "in my salad days, when I was green in judgment," and still believed that all America lay on the Atlantic slope, I used to go camping summers, and used to take with me always a tent, in which, one day out of every three or four, I would have to sit disconsolate, moist and miserable in the midst of a rain-soaked landscape. The joys of that outdoor life I remember; I remember too those weeping skies, and the way in which the rain would beat through the canvas walls at night and drive all the wretched sleepers into a wet huddle of blankets in in the middle of the treacherous "shelter." Then there was a second serious

drawback. I wanted solitude always, and always had society. Companionship one desires, to be sure, on a vacation trip, but not the sound of the locomotive and the sight of its smoke-trail, not the voices of the summer girl and her attendant swain, not the inane tootling of the tally-ho horn—things that in the Eastern hills and mountains one can never be sure of escaping.

What should I have said in those days if some kind power had offered to reconstruct my woods and templed hills for me, in such wise as to remedy these defects? had undertaken furthermore to throw in a few beauties and sublimities such as I had never dreamed of having? had taken Switzerland, we will say, and removed all its hotels and impertinent villages, and doubled and trebled it in extent, and run it down across New Hampshire and Vermont and New York, where it would be handy to me—smoothing down, incidentally, in the process, its glaciers and cliffs, till they became friendly, not fearful, and spreading over it forests grander than any others in the world; offering me this—this bright virgin Alpine land—for my vacation wanderings? Yet something very much like that nature had done for me, off on the other side of the continent—as I found, when I came to the Pacific Coast.

For here one has rainless summers (save for a passing shower once a month or so, in the high altitudes); and a thousand great peaks and unspoiled valleys, close at hand, and a million unsullied streams; and leaping trout and jewel-like flowers; and every pleasure, every exhilaration, every beauty, within one's easy reach. For there's a trail from every door in California up into the heart of this. Pretty soon, when the last rains are over and June is in the land, I shall load my wagon and turn my door-key and start. We shall work down round the bay, through the fruit orchards, and camp the first night near some wayside water supply, where there is a cherry-tree handy and a generous-hearted cherry-tree owner. We shall cook our steak and coffee in the sweet quiet California evening, and spread our sleeping-bags under a golden sky, and know the passage of the night, when we wake, by the march of the constellations. The next day we shall climb over, or through, the range into another valley. Then another, and then the brown foot-hills, California's gravel hills, painted now with dashes of green and touched off with brilliant patches of flowers. Through these we rise and fall for several days, exulting in our upward progress and in the color and light. Then the lower mountains, where firs and sugar pines, two or three hundred feet in height, make great parks, carpeted with aromatic bear-clover, through which the California tulips rise, the mariposas, as brilliant as those of Holland's tulip-gardens, and far more beautiful and wild. The red snow-plant burns by the tree boles too, and later tall white lilies will show down the aisles there.

Some days of this middle forest-belt, and then one rises into the region of glacial meadows and streams and lakes, seven thousand feet above the sea, with peaks towering seven thousand more. And there one camps, near some rushing river, and makes beds of boughs at the foot of a tree, and gathers wood for the evening fire, and is at home. The weeks slip by here and bring peace and rest. Once in a while a prospector passes, or another camper, or a sheep-herder; but such visitors are welcome. Once in a while a trip is taken, to some summit, or some fishing-ground, or to explore a little dying glacier. But on the whole, one just lives and breathes and gets fresh and happy and calm. Nothing jars. There's no sound but the river and the trees and the cry at night of the coyote or the mountain lion. There's no sight other than nature's pageantry. "Life greatens" there, and one drops down home again sweetened and reconciled. Believe one who has tried it. Come to California and try it for yourself.

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S. F. BOOTH	Fresno	Fresno Chamber of Commerce
CHARLES S. FEE	San Francisco.	Southern Pacific Company
W. A. BISSELL	San Francisco.	Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
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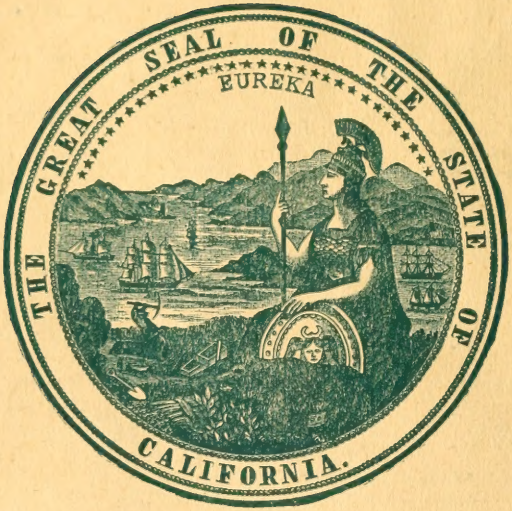
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